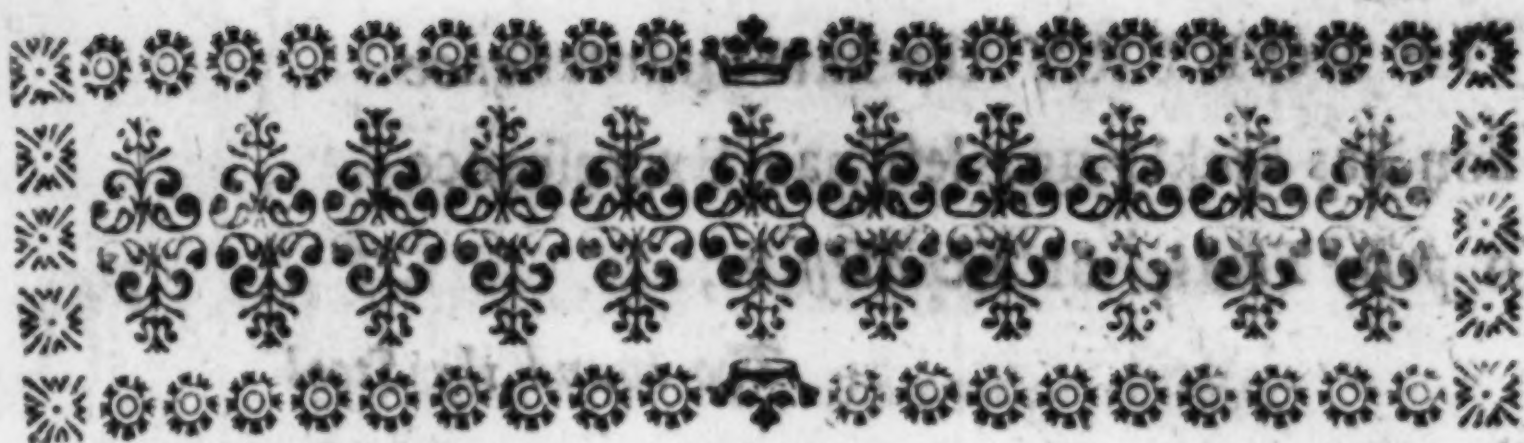




FAMILIAR EPISTLES

BETWEEN

W--H-- and A--R--.

EPISTLE I.

W----- H----- to A---- R-----.

Gilbertfield June 26th, 1719.



Fam'd and celebrated *ALLAN*!
 Renowned *RAMSAT*, canty Callan,
 There's nouthier highland Man nor lawlan,
 In *POETRY*,

But may as soon ding down *Tamtallan*

As match wi' Thee.

FOR ten Times ten, and that's a hunder,

I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,

When frae *Parnassus* thou didst thunder

With Wit and Skill,

Wherefore I'll soberly knock under,

And quat my Quill.

OF

OF POETRY the hale Quintessence
 Thou has suck'd up, left nae Excrescence
 To *petty Poets*, or sic *Messens*,

Tho round thy Stool
 They may pick Crumbs, and lear some Lessons
At RAMSAY's School.

THO BEN and **DRTDEN** of renown
 Were yet alive, in *London Town*,
 Like Kings contending for a Crown ;

'Twad be a Pingle
 Whilk o' you three wa'd gar Words sound
And best to gingle :

TRANSFORM'D may I be to a Rat,
 Wer't in my Pow'r but I'd creat
 Thee upo' fight the Laureat.

Of this our Age,
 Since thou may'ft fairly claim to that
As thy just Wage.

LET modern **POETS** bear the Blame
 Gin they respect not **RAMSAT's** Name,
 Wha soon can gar them greet for Shame,

To their great Loss ;
 And send them a right snaking Hame
Be weeping Cross.



W H A

W H A bourds wi' thee had need be warry,
And lear wi' Skill thy Thrust to parry,
When thou consults thy Dictionary

Of ancient Words,

Which come frae thy poetick Quarry,

As sharp as Swords.

N O W tho I should baith reell and rattle,
And be as light as *ARISTOTLE*,

At Ed'nburgh we sall hae a Bottle

Of reaming Claret,

Gin that my Haff-pay Siller Shottle

Can safely spare it.

A T Crambo then we'll rack our Brain,

Drown ilk dull Care and aking Pain,

Whilk often does our Spirits drain

Of true Content ;

Wow, Wow! But we's be wonder fain,

When thus acquaint.

W I' Wine we'll gargarize our Craig,

Then enter in a lasting League,

Free of Ill Aspect or Intrigue,

And gin you please it,

Like Princes when met at the Hague,

We'll solemnize it.

ACCEPT of this and look upon it,
 With Favour, tho poor I have done it;
 Sae I conclude and end my Sonnet,
Who am most fully,
 While I do wear a Hat or Bonnet,
Tours — wanton WILLY.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY this my Poseript I incline
 To let you ken my hail Design,
 Of sic a lang imperfect Line,
Lyes in this Sentence,
 To cultivate my dull Ingine
By your Acquaintance.

YOUR Answer therefore I expect,
 And to your Friend you may direct,
 At † Gilbertfield do not neglect
When you have Leisure,
 Which I'll embrace with great Respect
And perfect Pleasure.



A N S W E R I.

A----- R----- to W----- H-----.

Edinburgh July 10th. 1719.

SONS fa me ! witty, wanton WILLY,
 Gin blyth I was na as a Filly,
 Not a fow Pint, nor short Hought Gilly,

Or Wine that's better,

Cou'd please sae meikle, my dear Billy,

As thy kind Letter.

H A, heh ! thought I, I canna say
 But I may cock my Nose the Day,
 When **HAMILTON** the bauld and gay,

Lends me a Heezy,

In Verse that slides sa smooth away

Well tell'd and easy.

S A E roos'd by ane of well kend Mettle,
 Nae sma did my Ambition pettle,
 My canker'd Criticks it will nettle,

And e'en sae be't,

This Month I'm sure I winna settle,

*Sae proud I'm wi't.***W H E N**

W H E N I begoud first to cun Verse,
 And cou'd your * *Ardry Whins* rehearse,
 Where bonny *Heck* ran fast and fierce,
 It warm'd my Breast,
 Then Emulation did me pierce,
 Whilk since ne'er ceast.

M A Y I be licket wi' a Bitle,
 Gin of your Numbers I think little,
 Ye're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,
 But blyth and gabby,
 And hit the Spirit to a Title
 Of Standart H A B B Y.

Y E ' L L quat your Quill ! that were ill-willy,
 Ye's sing some mair yet, nill ye will ye ;
 O'er mickle Haining wad but spill ye
 And gar ye sour.
 Then up and war them a yet, *W I L L I E,*
 'Tis in your Power.

T O knit up Dollers in a Clout,
 And then to eard them round about,
 Syne to tell up they downa lout
 To lift the Gear,
 The Malison lights on that Rout
 Is plain and clear.

THE

* The last Words of Bonny Heck, of which he was Author.

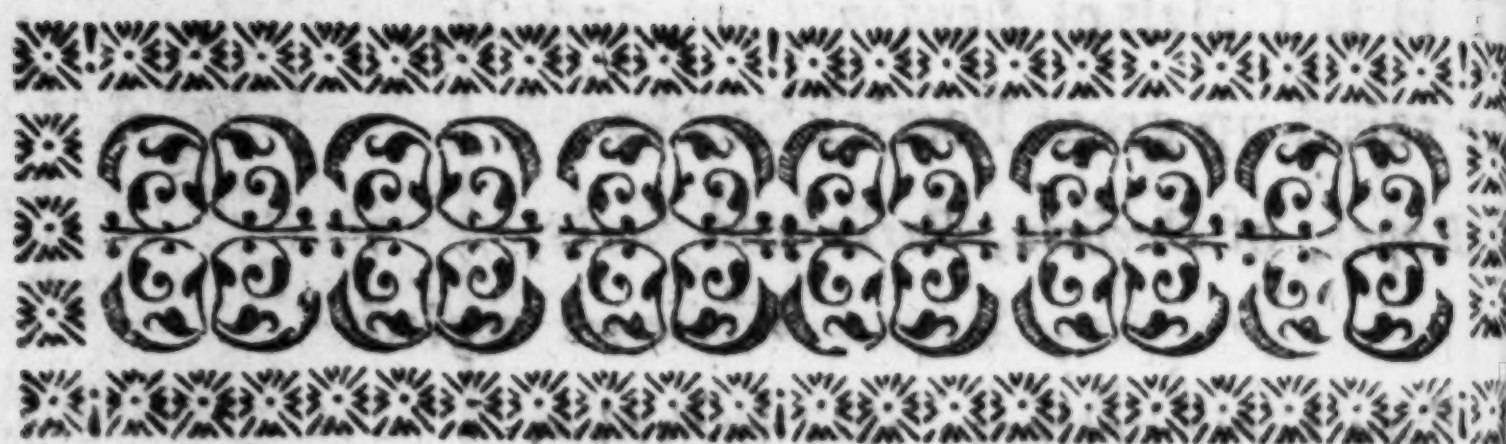
THE Chiels of *London, Cam, and Ox,*
 Hae rais'd up great Poetick Stocks
 Of *Rapes, of Buchets, Sarks and Locks,*
While we neglect
 To shaw their betters; this provokes
Me to reflect

ON the lear'd Days of *GAWN DUNKELL,*
 Our Country then a Tale cou'd tell,
Europe had nane mair snack an snell
At Verse or Prose,
 Our **KINGS** were **POETS** too themsel
Bauld and jocosse.

TO *Ed'nburgh, Sir,* when e'er ye come,
 I'll wait upon ye, there's my Thumb,
 Were't frae the Gil-bells to the Drum,
And take a Bout,
 And faith I hope we'll no sit dumb,
Nor yet cast out.



EPISTLE



EPISTLE II.

W----- H----- to A----- R-----

Gilberisfield July 24th, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind Epistle
It made me dance, and sing, and whistle,
O sic a Fyke, and sic a Fistle

I had about it!

That e'er was Knight of the SCOTS THISTLE

Sae fain I doubted.

THE bonny Lines therein thou sent me,
How to the Nines they did content me,
Tho, Sir, sae high to compliment me

Ye might defer'd,

For had ye but haff well a kent me,

Some less wad ser'd.

WIT

WITH joyfou' Heart beyond Expression,
 They'r safely now in my Possession,
 O gin I were a Winter Session

Near by thy Lodging;

I'd clos attend thy new Profession

Without e'er Budging.

IN even down earnest there's but few,
 To vie with RAMSAY dar avow
 In Verse, for-to gie thee thy due,

And without fleetching,

Thou's better at that Trade, I trow,

Than some's at preaching.

FOR my Part, till I'm better leart,
 To troke with thee I'd best forbear't,
 For an the Fouk of Ed'nburgh hear't,

They'll ca' me daft,

I'm unco' irie and Dirt feart

I make wrang waft.

THY Verses nice as ever nicket,
 Made me as canty as a Cricket,
 I ergh to reply left I stick it,

Syne like a Cooff

I look, or an whose Poutch is picket

As bare's my Looff.

H E H Winsom ! How thy saft sweet Stile,
And bonny auld Words gars me smile,
Thou's travel'd sure mony a Mile

Wi' Charge and Cost,
To learn them thus keep Rank and Fyle,
And ken their Post.

F O R I maun tell thee, honest *A L L I E*,
I use the Freedom so to call thee,
I think them a sae bra and walie,

And in sic order,
I wad nae Care to be thy Vally,
Or thy Recorder.

H A S thou with Rosycrucians wandert ?
Or thro' some doncie Defart danert ?
That with thy Magick, Town and Landart,
For ought I see,
Man a come truckle to thy Standart
Of P O E T R I E.

D O not mistake me, dearest Heart,
As if I charg'd the with black Art ;
'Tis thy good Genius still alart
That does inspire
Thee, with ilk Thing that's quick and smart
To thy Desire.

E' E N mony a bonny knacky Tale,
 Bra to set o'er a Pint of Ale
 For fifty Guineas I'll find bale

Against a Bodle,

That I wad quat ilk Day a Male

For sic a Nodle.

A N D on Condition I were as gabby
 As either thee, or honest H A B B Y,
 That I lin'd a thy Claes wi' Tabby,

Or Velvet Plush,

And then, thou'd be sae far fra shabby,

Thou'd look right sprush.

W H A T tho young empty airy Sparks
 May have their critical Remarks
 On thir my blyth diverting Warks,

'Tis sma Presumption,

To say they'r but unlearned Clarks,

And wants the Gumption.

L E T Coxcomb Criticks get a Tether,
 To tye up a their lang loose Lether,
 If they and I chance to forgether,

The tane may rue it,

For an they winna had their Blether,

They's get a Flewer.

T O learn them for to peep and pry
 In secret Drolls 'twixt thee and I,
 Pray dip thy Pen in Wrath, and cry,
 And ca them Skellums;
 I'm sure thou needs set little by
 To bide their Bellums. Adieu,

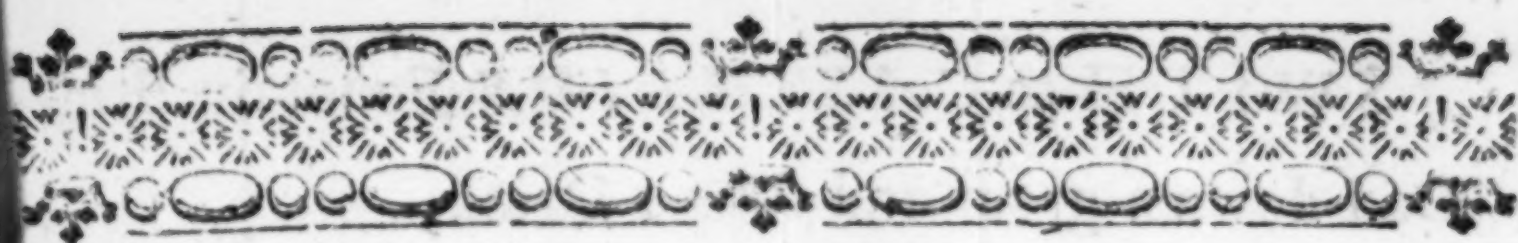


P O S T S C R I P T.

W I' Writing I'm sa bleirt and doited,
 That when I raise, in Troth I floited,
 I thought I shou'd turn capernoited,
 For wi a Gird,
 Upon my Bum I fairly cloited
 On the cald Eard.

W H I C H did oblige a little Duple
 Into my Doup, close by my Ruple;
 But had ye seen how I did trumple,
 Ye'd split your Side,
 Wi mony a lang and weary Wimple,
 Like Troch of Clyde.

ANSWER



A N S W E R II.

A-----R----- to W-----H-----.

Edinburgh August 4th. 1719.

DE A R H A M I L T O N ye'll turn me Diver,
My M U S E lae bonny ye discribe her,
Ye blaw her sae, I'm fear'd ye rive her,

For wi' a Whid,

Gin ony higher up ye drive her,

She'll rin red-wood.

S A I D I.— Whist, quoth the vougy Jade,
W I L L I A M's a wise, judicious Lad,
Has Havins mair than e'er ye had,

Il bred Bog-staker,

But me ye ne'er sae crouse had craw'd,

Ye poor Scull-thacker.

I T sets you well indeed to gadge!
E'er I t' A P O L L O did ye cadge,
And got ye on his Honours Badge,

Ungratefou Beast,

A Glasgow Capon and a Fadge

Ye thought a Feast.

SWITH

SWITH to CASTALIUS Fountain Brink,
 Dad down a grouf and take a Drink,
 Syne whisk out Paper, Pen and Ink,
And do my Bidding;
 Be thankfow else I'se gar ye stink
Tet on a Midding.

MY Mistress dear, your Servant humble,
 Said I, I shou'd be laith to drumble
 Your Passions, or e'er gar ye grumble,
Its ne'er be me
 Shall scandalize or say ye bummil
Te'r Poetry.

FRAE what I've tell'd my Friend may learn
 How sadly I ha'e been forfairn,
 I'd better been a yont Side Kairn-
-a-mount I trow,
 I've kifs'd the Taz like a good Bairn.
Now, Sir, to you,

HEAL be your Heart, gay couthy Carle,
 Lang may ye help to toom a Barrel,
 Be thy Crown ay unclovr'd in Quarrel,
When thou inclines
 To knoit thrawn gabet Sumphs that snarl
At our frank Lines.

nk, I L K good Chiel says ye're well worth Gowd,
 And Blythness on ye's well bestow'd,
 'Mang witty *SCOTS* ye'r Name's be row'd,
Ne'er Fame to tyme;
 The crooked Clinker shall be cow'd,
But ye shall shine.

S E T out the burnt Side of your Shin,
 For Pride in *P O E T S* is nae Sin,
 Glory's the Prize for which they rin,
And Fame's their Jo,
 And wha blaws best the Horn shall win,
And wharefore no.

QUISQUIS vocabit nos Vainglorious,
 Shaw scanter Skill than *malos mores,*
Multi & magni Men before us,
Did stump and swagger.
Probatum est, exemplum Horace,
Was a bauld Bragger.

T H E N let the Doofarts fash'd wi' Spleen,
 Cast up the wrang Side of their Een,
 Pegh, fry, and girn wi Spite and Teen,
And fa a flyting,
 Laugh, for the lively Lads will screen
Us frae Backbiting.

I F that the Gypsies dinna spung us,
And foraign Whiskers hana dung us;
Gin I can snifter thro' Mundungus,

With Boots and Belt on,

I hope to see you at St. Mungos

Atween and Beltan.



EPISTLE III.

W----- H----- to A----- R-----

Gilbertfield August 24th, 1719.

A CCEPT my Third and last Essay
Of Rural Rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright *R A M S A T*, and altho it may

Seem doilt and donsie,

Yet thrice of all Things, I heard say,

Was ay thought sonsy.

W H E R E F O R E I scarce cou'd sleep or slumber
Till I made up that happy Number,
The Pleasure counterpois'd the Cumber,

In every Part,

And snoov't away like three Hand Omber,

Sixpence a Cart.

OF thy last Poem bearing Date
August the Fourth, I grant Receipt;
 It was sa bra gart me look blate,

'Maist tyne my Senses;

And look just like poor Country Kate.

In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our Parish Priest,
 Wha was as blyth as gi'm a Feast;
 He says, "Thou may had up thy Creeft,

"And craw fu' Crouse,

"The Poets a to thee's but Jest,

"Not worth a Souce.

THY blyth and cheerfu' merry Muse,
 Of Complements is sae profuse,
 For my good Haivens dis me roose

Sae very finely,

It were ill Breeding to refuse

To thank her kindly.

WHAT tho sometimes in angry Mood,
 When she puts on her Barlickhood,
 Her Dialect seem rough and rude,

Let's ne'er be flee't,

But take our Bit, when it is good,

And Buffet wi't.

FOR gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
 And dinna calmly thole her Banter,
 She'll take the Flings, Verse may grow scanter,
Syne wi' great Shame
 We'll rue the Day that we do want her,
Then wha's to blame.

BUT let us still her Kindness culzie,
 And wi' her never breed a Toulzie,
 For we'll bring aff but little Spoulzie,
In sic a Barter,
 And she'll be fair to gar us foulzie,
And cry for Quarter.

SAE little worth's my Rhyming Ware,
 My Pack I scarce dare apen mair,
 Till I take better wi the Lair,
My Pen's sae blunted;
 And a for Fear I file the Fair,
And be affronted.

THE dull Draff Drink makes me sa douff,
 A' I can do's but bark and youff,
 Yet set me in a Claret Houff,
Wi' Folk that's chancy,
 My Muse may then len me a Gouff.
To clear my Fancy.

THEN

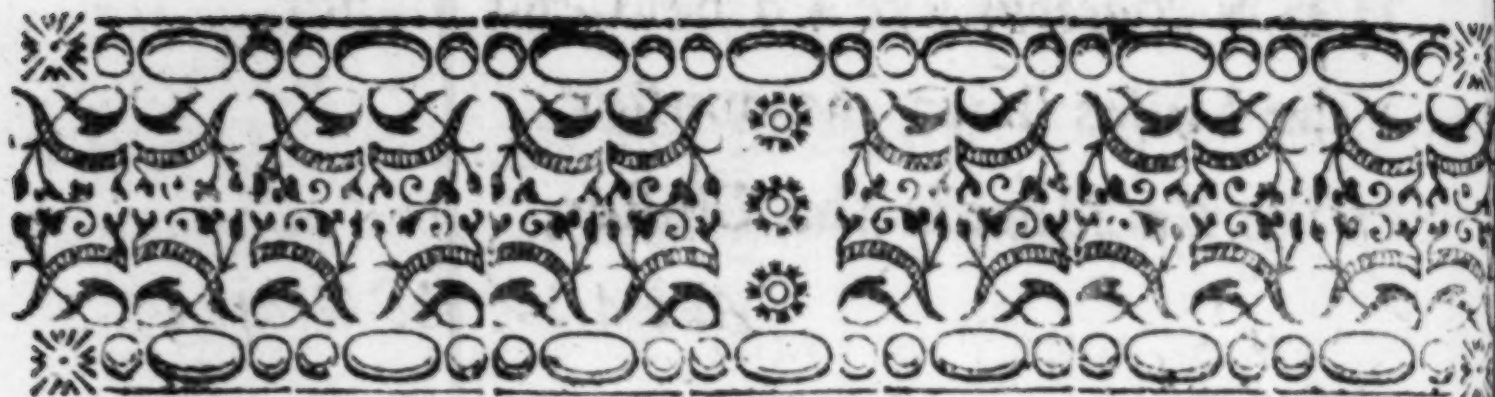
THEN *Bacchus* like I'd hawl and bluster,
And a the Muses 'bout me muster,
Sa merrily I'd squeeze the Cluster,
And drink the Grape ;
Twad gi' my Verse a brighter Lustre,
And better Shape.

THE Powers aboon be still auspicious
To thy Atchievements maist delicious,
Thy Poems sweet, and nae way vicious,
But blyth and canny,
To see (I'm anxious and ambitious)
Thy Miscellany.

A' Blessings R A M S A T on thee row,
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
Until thou claw an auld Man's Pow ;
And thro' thy Creed
Be keeped frae the Wirricow,
After thou's dead. Amen.



C 2 . ANSWER



ANSWER III.

A----- R----- to W----- H-----

Edinburgh September 2^d, 1719.

My trusty Trojan,

TH Y last Oration orthodox,
 Thy innocent auldfarran Jokes,
 And sonsy Saw of three, provokes
Me anes again,
 Tod Lowrie like to loose my Pokes,
And pump my Brain.

B Y a your Letters I ha'e read,
 I eithly scan the Man well bred,
 And Soger wha for Honour's Bed
Has ventur'd bauld,
 Wha now to Youngsters leaves the Yed
To tend his Fauld.

THAT

THAT Bang'ster Billy CÆSAR JULY,
 Wha at *Pharsalia* wan the Tooly,
 Had better sped had he mair hooly
 Scamper'd thro' Life ;
 And 'midst his Glories sheath'd his Gooly,
 And kifs'd his Wife.

HAD he like you, as well he cou'd,
 Upon Burn Banks the MUSES woe'd
 Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the Crowd,
 Wha'd been aboon him ?
 The Senate's Durks and Fañion loud
 Had neer undone him.

YET sometimes leave the Rigs and Bog,
 Your Howms, and Braes, and shady Scrog,
 And helm-a-lee the Claret cog,
 To clear your Wit ;
 Be blyth, and let the Warld e'en shog,
 As it thinks fit.

NE'ER fash about your niest Year's State,
 Nor with superior Powers Debate,
 Nor Cant-rapes cast to ken your Fate,
 There's Ills anew,
 To cram our Days, which soon grow late,
 Let's live just now.

WHEN

W H E N northren Blasts the Oceans snurl,
And gars the Heights and Hows look gurl,
Then Left about the Bumper whirl,

And toom the Horn,

Grip fast the Hours which hafty hurl,

The Morn's the Morn.

T H U S to L E U C O N O E sang sweet F L A C C U
Wha nane e'er thought a Gillygacus,

And why should we let Whimfies bauk us,

When Foy's in Season,

And thole sae aft the Spleen to whauk us,

Out of our Reason.

T H O I were Laird of tenscore Acres,
Noding to Jouks of Hallenshakers,
Yet crush'd wi' Humdrums, which the Weaker's

Contentment ruines;

I'd rather roost wi' Causey-rakers,

And sup cauld Sowens.

I think, my Friend, an Fouk can get
A Doul of rost Beef pypin het,
And wi' red Wine their Wyson wet,

And Cleathing clean,

And be nae sick, or drown'd in Debt,

They're no to mean.

I red this Verse to my ain Kimmer,
Wha kens I like a Leg of Gimmer,
Or sic and sic good Belly Timmer;

Quoth she, and leugh,

"Sicker of thae Winter and Simmer,

"Ye'r well enough.

CCU MY hearty Goss there is nae help,
But Hand to Nive we twa maun scelp
Up Rhine and Tames and o'er the Al-

-pines and Pyrenians,

The chearfou Carles do sae yelp

To ha'e us their Minions!

THY raffan rural Rhyme sae rare,
Sic wordy, wanton, hand wal'd Ware,
Sae gash, and gay, gars Fouk gae gare,

To ha'e them by them,

Tho gaffin they wi' Sides sae sair,

Cry, — Wae'gae by him!

FAIR. FA that Soger did invent
To ease the POETS Toil wi' print,
Now WILLIAM wi' maun to the bent,

And pouse our Fortune,

And crack wi' Lads wha're well content

Wi' this our Sporting.

GIN ony sow'r mou'd girning Bucky
 Ca' me conceity keckling Chucky,
 That we like Nags, wha's Necks are yucky,
Ha'e us'd our Teeth :
 I'll answer fine — " Gae kiss ye'r Lucky
" She dwells i' Leith.

I ne'er wi' lang Tales fash my Head,
 But when I speak, I speak indeed ;
 Wha ca's me droll, but ony Feed,
I'll own I am sae,
 And while my Champers can chew Bread,
Yours --- ALLAN RAMSAY

